You're the Missing Piece by brokenpromisesandhope

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5 times Steve, Nancy and Jonathan had sex without each other and one time they did it together.

You're the Missing Piece

Author's Note:

> Hey y'all, it's been forever so have some good old stoncy. Also y'all KNOW I watch too much porn and have NO chill. There's like 3% feelings in this. The rest straight dirty ass porn.
> XX
> T

It starts when they're at Steve's, studying and waiting for Jonathan. Ever since Christmas and they'd gifted him the camera, they'd been hanging out more, but Jonathan wasn't seeming to get it. Nancy didn't want to push Steve, they'd talked about it exactly once, and even then they were a little high, so she's not even sure it counts. Steve on the other hand was worried about liking a guy.

However the three of them are always hanging around because no one else understands how truly fucked the whole upside down thing is. So anyway Jonathan's late and they'd started making out, because lately even a slightly long kiss turned into making out which turned into fucking like the world was gonna end because for them it almost had, multiple times.

So Steve's got his shirt off and got Nancy's shirt rucked up to her armpits, her bra pulled down under her tits, her skirt flipped up, underwear tossed god knows wear, Steve's jeans and boxers kicked down to his ankles, and he's got her leg wrapped around her hips as he fucks into her.

She's loud, and close, like she gets and he wraps his lips around her nipple and braces himself on his left arm so he can reach down to rub her clit in tight little circles. She starts breathing heavier and he feels her clench around him,

"Come on baby," he pants against her damp skin, making her shiver. He pulls out to thrust back in so hard, his headboard slams against the wall and she clamps around him and starts moaning and he knows she's done for when he hears,

“Jonathan!” In her loud, breathy voice, exactly the way she screams his name, partially out of breath but in so much toe curling pleasure, except it’s not his name, it’s Byers’ and he can’t help but bite into her collarbone as his orgasm hits him out of nowhere. He thinks he hears the door slam shut but he can’t be sure. The door shut. Oh god.

By the time he’s stopped shaking and come down, Nancy’s pushing him off of her,

“Jesus Christ Steve get the fuck up! Put some clothes on! Oh god, throw the condom away, do you have air freshener? Oh Jesus.” She’s moving way too quickly for someone who just had an orgasm and Steve just kind of rolls to the side, staring at her.

“Jesus, Steven! Come on,” she fixes her top and flips down her skirt, t, heading to his adjoining bathroom. She finds some air freshener and heavily sprays the room. Yanks open his window even though it’s nighttime in October.

“What?” He finally asks slowly, taking the condom off, tying it and tossing it in his bedside trash can.

“Did you not hear Jonathan come in?!” She shrieks, “Oh my god. He saw us having sex. He saw us having sex.”

He sits up so fast he gets a head rush. It all of a sudden makes so much more sense, she wasn’t just screaming Jonathan’s name for no reason, holy shit.

Nancy pauses, and sees the look on his face before smirking,

“Oh my god. You thought I was just calling out his name. Oh my god you liked it.”

“Sh- shut up!” Steve says, yanking his shirt on.

“We’ll revisit that later, help me find my underwear,” he rolls his eyes and is actually going to help her until she starts singing, “Steve and Jonathan, Steve and Jonathan,” and then he just flips her off, and yanks open the door.

Jonathan’s at the end of the hallway, pretending to look at the

pictures on the walls when he says,

“Hey man, come on,”

And it’s not until Jonathan’s in the room that reeks of sex and sweat that Steve realizes his mistake. Nancy’s got sex hair and her lipstick is smeared and she’s got a hickey high up on her neck cause she’d been teasing him and the bite he’d left looks like it may actually bruise. She’s got on no goddamn underwear, but still has on her knee high socks and looks like every school girl fantasy, right down to the too many buttons unbuttoned. He can feel his own shirt clinging to the small of his back where he’s still sweaty and he still feels antsy, like he always does after he comes. Usually he and Nancy will go at it until they’ve both come at least twice and then they’ll smoke a blunt until they pass out.

“Jonathan hey!” Nancy says loudly, as if he hadn’t just walked in on her with her tits out. And Jonathan’s just staring at them both like he can still see everything.

“Alright, so physics,” Steve says, walking towards the bed. The bed they’d just fucked on, this is so fucked up. He can feel his cheeks flaming and Nancy bends over to pick up the fallen books and papers, she seems to remember she has no underwear on at the same time Steve does and he rushes over to gather everything up and spread it on the bed.

They all lounge on the bed, Nancy leaning against the headboard, sitting in a loose cross legged position, Jonathan laying on his side across the end and Steve laying on his stomach.

It’s almost time for a study break, they all just have to answer one more question, when Jonathan doesn’t answer. He’s staring off into the distance, staring at something. Nancy gives up trying to get his attention and turns to see what he’s staring at, Steve too.

Suddenly she turns bright red, knows exactly what he’s looking at. In the middle of Steve’s floor is her teal lace underwear. The ones matching her bra strap that she knows he can see. Her shirt had been unbuttoned pretty far but Steve hadn’t given her a chance to fix herself and she hadn’t wanted to do it right in front of Jonathan’s

face! She snaps her legs shut quickly, from where they'd been drifting open, it's not like he could see anything due to her skirt, but still. Steve busts out laughing and Nancy smacks him, cheeks flaming.

"I'm gonna go!" Jonathan says, jumping up and gathering his things.

Before either one of them can stop him, he's gone.

"Look what you did!" Nancy says, smacking his arm again.

"Me? I think it was you baby girl," he says, sitting up and leaning over to kiss her, "you have no idea how sexy and well fucked you look right now," he rasps against her mouth.

"Well fucked?" She asks skeptically, raising an eyebrow.

"Oh I'm gonna show you well fucked you little brat," he pushes her legs open and slides down the bed, pulling her hips down so he has better access.

"Or are you gonna come again as soon as I call another guy's name in bed?"

She can't see him, his head's disappeared under her skirt, but he flips her off at the same time he licks a stripe up her still wet vagina,

"Oh fuck," she mutters, eyes fluttering closed.

Jonathan barely makes it to his car before he throws his backpack into the passenger seat, and yanks open the button on his jeans. He's been hard from the minute he'd walked in on them. He'd been studying at Steve's long enough that he was allowed to just walk in. Steve's parents were never home and Steve had told him he was too lazy to head downstairs every single time. So Jonathan let himself in, that was allowed. Again, the closed door meant nothing, he'd never knocked, even though it took everything Joyce had taught him being shut down, to realize that.

So he was woefully unprepared. He hadn't seen anything, thank god. He'd only seen the defined muscles in Steve's back, his hips pumping,

Nancy's pale arm thrown over his shoulder. She'd stared at him, and exclaimed "Jonathan" in quite possibly the sexiest voice he'd ever heard, and then her eyes rolled back and her mouth dropped open... he'd seen Nancy Wheeler come. And by the way Steve tensed up right after her, he'd seen him too.

He should have ran out of the house from the second he slammed the door shut, he really should have, but he'd stuck around, just to see what would happen. He hadn't expected Steve to open the door so soon after and usher him in. The room smelled like sex and come and Nancy's perfume and Steve's cologne and Steve looked like he had barely caught his breath, his hair so messed up that there was no fixing it, shirt sticking to himself.

Nancy, Nancy looked like she'd just got fucked within an inch of her life. Which she probably had. Her hair's messed up and her lipstick is smudged and she has a goddamn bite mark on her collarbone. He can see her teal lace bra because it doesn't even look like she'd tried to button her shirt up and they're trying to kill him.

So he sits with his physics book over his erection and tries to pay attention. But Nancy's voice is a little raspy, and Steve keeps drumming on his thighs like he can't calm down, and Jonathan's looking around the room because he doesn't know what will happen, and then he spots Nancy's underwear. He knows she's gotta be wearing them today, because they match her bra, and Nancy Wheeler is sitting across from him in a fucking skirt with no underwear and Steve Harrington's got his foot pressed against Jonathan's thigh like he didn't just walk in on the two of them less than an hour ago.

So he's sitting in his car, fisting his dick like the pathetic loser he is, but he's so close to coming that he can't even be upset with himself, yet. He wonders if they'd let him watch for real. Or better yet if they'd let him join, if they'd pin him to the bed, Nancy riding him and Steve fucking his throat until they both came. He thumbs at the head of his dick as he imagines Nancy moaning his name again, Steve too. He wonders if Steve ever gets loud like Nancy was. He hopes he does. His orgasm hits him suddenly and he curls over his steering wheel as he comes into his hand.

For the next couple weeks it's like things are normal again, except

they're not, because Nancy can't stop thinking about it. She's horny all the time, and constantly surrounded by the two boys. Even when she goes home, she's getting calls and texts from them. It's enough to drive a girl mad. She masturbates in the shower, before she goes to bed, sometimes, before she gets up and deeply regrets denying Steve's offer to get her a vibrator. And all that is still between her fucking Steve. They typically fuck like twice a day, but it's been more lately and they never seem to be satisfied.

On Friday they'd fucked in the locker room, after they left Biology, coincidentally the only class they both had with Jonathan. Jonathan had texted both of them, to ask where they were and if they were ready to go home, he'd taken to riding with them, and it made Nancy's pussy throb a little, as Steve tossed the condom away and tried to splash water on his face. But they'd headed out to the car, after Nancy insisted on spraying them with perfume, to meet Jonathan. If he suspected anything, he didn't say, and Steve kept his hand high on Nancy's thigh the whole ride home, Jonathan choosing the music from the back seat.

But Nancy wants him to know. She wishes she could let Steve come in her, like he often begged and Jonathan could eat her out after, the taste of Steve and Nancy heavy on his tongue. She wishes he could feel how wet and open she still was, desperate for more. She wishes Steve would slide his hand up and tease her through her underwear while Jonathan hooked his chin over the seat and watches. None of this happens of course, and she's shaken out of her daydream when Steve pinches her thigh so she can say goodbye to Jonathan. She hadn't even realized they'd pulled up at her house and she lets out a moan at the pinch, she always liked it rough, and her cheeks are pink when she tells Jonathan she'll see him tomorrow.

They're laying in bed late that night, well extremely early the next morning, smoking a blunt. Nancy's got her head on Steve's chest and she's tracing patterns over his stomach with her cold fingers,

"I've been thinking about fucking Jonathan," she says softly, as she hands him the blunt.

His fingers fumble and he drops it on his chest, hissing, "Shit!"

“I’m sorry,” Nancy says, scooping it up and blowing the ash off his chest. There’s a slight red spot and she presses a kiss to it, before slowly dragging her tongue over it to soothe the burn. She blows on the still wet spot, the skin pebbling, “better?” She asks, looking up at him from under her lashes.

He rolls his eyes and takes a hit. He blows it out slowly,

“So? Byers?”

Her cheeks turn pink,

“Yeah. I mean, he’s always just there you know? And not that I ever would, I don’t want you to think-“

“No Nance, um, me too.”

Her eyes widen,

“You too?”

“Well, I dunno if I’d want him to fuck me, we could revisit that later I guess,” Nancy has to clamp her thighs together because that’s a fucking picture, “but him and you, or him watching us, it,” Steve licks his lower lip, he’s not very eloquent, especially not while he’s high, “when you called his name when we were fucking, that was really hot,” He finally gets out.

Nancy flips her hair over her shoulder, and turns to face him more, letting the sheet fall down to reveal her naked torso,
“Oh yeah?”

Steve sets the blunt on the ashtray on his nightstand and then turns back to Nancy, lacing a hand through her hair,
“Yeah,” He rasps against her mouth, kissing her deeply.

She arches her back, hard nipples poking against his chest and he reaches down to pinch one hard. She squeals and presses further into his hand and he twists it cruelly, causing her to pant,
“You’re just so greedy huh? Wanna get fucked by two guys?”

She nods eagerly, throwing a leg over his and grinding on to his

thigh,
“You do? Like what, at the same time, like me in your mouth and Jonathan in your tight little pussy? Or one after another? You think Jonathan would still wanna fuck you after you’re loose and gaping and filled with my come?” Steve rasps, one hand working her breast as the other slides down to rub at her wet pussy.

Nancy moans loudly and spreads her legs eagerly, so Steve can play with her clit. She throws her head back, biting her lip to fight the urge to kiss him, because she wants him to keep talking,
“Such a good girl for it. I don’t think he’d know what to do. I’d have to, I could show him. Show him how to make you gush for him, and how to tug on your piercings just right,” Steve says, flicking the barbell in her nipple just as he slides a finger inside her, “Show him how easy you come, what a slut you are for it,” His voice turns more teasing and cocky and Nancy pushes him off before climbing on top of him.

“What if I show him how easy you are for it Steve?” She asks, grabbing his leaking cock. She rubs her thumb over the head and his eyes flutter closed, “How desperate you always are to come for me? Huh?” She strokes his cock slowly and his hips jump. She stills them with her hand and he stops, “Good boy,” she breathes against his lips. He whimpers.

She grins at her pretty boy, they’re both switches, but when Steve gets cocky, she’s quick to put him in his place. She strokes him a bit faster and watches as his chest turns red,
“I think maybe I should let Jonathan explore on his own and you can just watch. We’ll see who’s desperate then huh?” She lets her nail skate over his slit and he grunts,

“Nancy,”

“Ssh, I didn’t say you could talk, did I?”

Steve is silent and Nancy rewards him with a kiss on his chest, and her hand speeding up,

“You can answer baby.”

“No ma’am,”

She grinds down on his leg,
“Good boy. So polite. Now where was I? Oh yes, maybe I should let Jonathan explore, huh? Open me up for his cock? Figure out what I like? I bet I could make him come really fast, even faster than you baby,”

“Nancy,”

She opens her eyes and looks down at Steve’s red face,
“What baby?”

“Can I please come ma’am? Please?”

She thumbs over the head of his cock and he shudders,
“Already?”

“Please?”

“Not yet, I’m not done,” and she resumes her usual strokes, “Anyway, what if I let him come inside me? Not even you’ve done that. Can you imagine what he’d look like while he came inside my tight,” she rubs over the head of his cock quickly, spreading the wetness there, “wet, cunt? Do you think he’d like it Steve? Coming inside me?”

Steve’s panting at this point, cock turning purple,
“Steve, baby, I asked you a question,” Nancy asks, tweaking a nipple.

He moans,
“Yes Nancy, he’d love it, can I come please? Please? I’m so close?”

She kisses his lips lightly,
“No, I told you I’m not done yet. Maybe if you’re a good boy and don’t come while watching us, you can eat me out after, huh?” She asks softly, eyes on his throbbing cock, “I know you love eating me out. You’re so good at it baby, and then you can taste Jonathan too. Do you wanna suck his cock Steve? Do you wanna taste his come?”

His cock jerks in her hand and for a second, she thinks he lost it,
“Please, Nancy, please can I come?”

She smiles,
“Such a polite boy. Answer my question and maybe. Do you wanna choke on his cock? You wanna swallow his come?” She asks again.

“Nancy,” Steve whines, hips jerking.

“Steve,” she teases.

“Yes. Fine. Fuck, yes. I do, I do,”

“Say it.”

“Nancy,” Steve cries wetly, and Nancy takes her hand away, stroking his face until he opens his eyes,

“Color?”

“Green,” he says clearly, nodding at her.

She kisses him softly,
“Okay. Tell me, and then you can come baby.”

“Fine, I wanna suck his brain out through his cock and swallow his come, or let him come on my face and feed it to me, I wanna eat you out after I watch him fuck you and I don’t wanna come until you give me permission, fuck Nancy, please, can I please,”

“Come for me baby,”

And he does, shooting nearly to his chin, eyes rolling back as he grunts her name. She doesn’t stop moving her hand on her cock, working him through it. She can tell the second he starts to get sensitive, hips jerking away from her,
“Good boy, you look so good when you come,” Nancy says, rubbing the head of his cock.

Steve gasps,
“Nancy?”

“Does it hurt?” She asks, jerking faster.

Steve nods, eyes wide.

“Do you want me to stop?” She asks, eyebrow raised.

He shakes his head and she laughs, leaning down to kiss him,

“My good boy. I know you can come again for me.”

And he does.

It’s pretty much consumed their sex life. Between constantly touching and flirting with Jonathan, and being all over each other in front of him, they hope he’ll get the hint. But he really doesn’t. Not when he purposely knocks on Steve’s bedroom door before he comes in to study and Nancy calls him in even though when he opens the door, she’s just in a red push up bra and tugging a shirt on. His cheeks are red the rest of the night, especially when Steve asks if he can lay his head on his stomach. Steve pushes it of course, rucking Jonathan’s shirt up and running his nails across his stomach until Jonathan makes up some excuse to leave.

“Yeah good going Steve,” Nancy says slapping his arm.

“What do you mean?”

“You scared him away,” Nancy pouts, kicking at him.

Steve catches her leg and massages her ankle,
“You’re the one with your tits out.”

“I’ve got nice tits,” She shrugs.

Steve laughs,
“That you do. We’re gonna have to take it up a notch. Operation seduce Jonathan Byers is in full effect.”

Nancy smiles,
“I’m excited.”

But the thing is that Steve doesn’t exactly tell Nancy what Operation Seduce Jonathan Byers is going to entail. He doesn’t even think of it until the perfect opportunity arises. Steve had met Tommy down by the river to pick up some weed and Nancy was with him. Besides being drug dealing city, it was also makeout city. And it was after

nine and fairly dark so they're smoking and screwing around.

Fall Out Boy is playing in the back and Nancy's down to a thin white camisole, pierced nipples standing out and Steve's got her panties down to her ankles and his fingers teasing her under her skirt, and they're passing their second bunt back and forth. Nancy's moaning loudly, and Steve closes his mouth over her nipple through her shirt, and sucks hard as Nancy tries to take a hit. She's flicking the ash out the window and winding a hand in Steve's hair when he hears her name. He could not have planned this better himself.

He releases her nipple and looks up to see Jonathan headed over to their car. He looks at Nancy, lips swollen, hair fucked up, shirt damp and completely see through so you can see her perfectly hard pink nipple. Her pupils are blown and his hand is still resting against her wet pussy.

"Hey Jonathan!" Steve says, way too excitedly.

"Hey Steve, Nancy," He glances over them, and his eyes widen at her chest, "I didn't know you had," he cuts himself off but it's clear he's high too.

Steve smirks and flicks over one of Nancy's nipples causing her to moan,
"Yeah, she's had them for like a year. Don't they look nice?"

"Steve," Nancy starts, but she's looking at Jonathan for approval.

"Yeah, shit, I mean, of course, um, wanna share that?"

Nancy hands him the blunt and he takes a long drag. She can't help but stare at his long fingers and Steve takes the opportunity to slide two fingers inside of her. Her hips jerk and she lets out a moan and Jonathan stares at her,

"You okay?" He asks slowly, handing her the blunt.

"Yeah," she squeaks, handing the blunt to Steve.

"Do you wanna get in?" Steve asks, gesturing to the back seat.

“Naw,” Jonathan says, “It feels too good out here.”

He’s only wearing a short sleeve shirt and he leans down and crosses his arms on the window, leaning his head in,
“I didn’t know you guys hung out here,” He says slowly.

“We don’t that much, but it’s nice out, huh Nance?” Steve skates his finger over her g-spot and she jerks,

“Yeah,” she grits out, looking to glare at Steve.

He raises a challenging eyebrow,
“You wanna say something?”

She stares at him, blue eyes wide and he rubs over her clit,
“Fuck. Um, no.”

He smirks, and starts moving purposefully, to make her come. She arches her back and turns to Jonathan,
“You come out here a lot?” She rasps.

“Of course he does,” Steve says, “he’s got endless girls dying to make out with him.”

Jonathan looks over at him, and rolls his eyes and Steve takes the opportunity to pinch one of Nancy’s nipples,
“Yeah right.”

“Why not?” Nancy asks, “You’re, hot,” Her voice shakes as Steve purposefully caresses her clit, scissoring his fingers inside her.

She’s so wet and she can’t help but think that if Jonathan just looked down he’d see her lacy underwear around her ankles and Steve’s strong, tanned forearm moving under her skirt. He could just flip up her skirt, and see Steve’s fingers moving inside her, see how red and wet she was for him. For them. Both of them. He’d already seen her nipple rings, and her shirt wasn’t exactly hiding anything but she wanted to pull it up and have him suck on them until they were red and swollen and so sore she couldn’t wear a bra the next day. She’s so high and she just wants so much, and Steve is gonna make her come and Jonathan is right there-

She realizes he hasn't said anything and she forces her eyes open,
"You're-" she cuts herself off with a moan as Steve's hand speeds up and Jonathan doesn't say anything still, and Nancy leans forward to grab at his arm, "hot Jonathan," she moans.

"Nancy are you okay?" He asks.

She nods, chest heaving,
"Yes, um, fuck, I was just saying,"

"Say his name when you come," Steve is suddenly whispering into her ear, "I can tell you're close. I wanna feel your pretty pussy clench around my fingers and I want you to moan his name for me? Can you do that for me baby?" He asks, sucking on her ear lobe.

"Yeah," Nancy pants, hips jerking to meet Steve's thrusts.

"Well thank you Nancy, but I promise you, there's no line of people waiting to come down here and make out with me."

"A damn shame," Steve says, dragging the tip of his finger nail over Nancy's clit.

That's all it takes and her nails dig into Jonathan's arm and she starts shaking, eyes rolling back in her head as she moans,
"Jonathan, fuck."

Steve's fingers never stop and he watches the confusion and then the slow realization of what just happened skate across his face as Nancy convulses in front of them. Jonathan slowly looks down, because of the weed or shock, and he sees Steve's hand still moving underneath Nancy's skirt.

"Holy shit," he says, just as Nancy's eyes open.

She licks at her lower lip and tries to catch her breath, finally reaching down to still Steve's hand. Steve runs his fingers down her slit one more time and she shivers, and Jonathan just stares as he holds up his glistening fingers. Nancy's eyes flick between them, Jonathan's mouth a little 'o' of shock and she catches Steve's wrist before he can suck them into his mouth. She stretches Steve's arm as far as she can across the car, holding his fingers out to Jonathan, but

Jonathan has to make the last move and close the final inches of distance. She's giving him a chance to back out. To say no. She can't help the flutter in her stomach when he ducks his head in the window and sucks all three of Steve's fingers into his mouth. And they're big fingers. His eyes flutter shut and he moans and Nancy trembles as Jonathan sucks his fingers deeper.

Finally Steve pulls his fingers out and a trail of spit follows them. Nancy can't help but lean up and kiss Jonathan hard, licking the taste of herself out of his mouth. She breaks away first, panting, and before Steve or Nancy can even say anything, he's all but running back to his car.

None of them sleep that night. Steve and Nancy are still really high, but she rides home feeling kind of empty, almost like she did before they figured out what sub space was and didn't know what she needed after they'd fucked. Steve gives her his sweater and holds her hand the whole way home, and they stumble up to his bedroom and flop on his bed. She's down to his underwear and him his boxers and he still holds her just the same and gives her water and tells her how good she was, but she can't shake this feeling something's wrong.

Despite his caring for Nancy, Steve still feels funny, and not in a high way. In a shitty way. He presses kisses into Nancy's hair and appreciates her body pressed against his, but honestly he's just tired. And not in the way sleep can fix.

Jonathan barely makes it home. His mind is spinning, cock throbbing, head so fuzzy he can't think straight. It was a dream come true. Everyone wanted Nancy Wheeler. He wanted Nancy. He'd wanted her since he was fucking twelve years old and she'd punched a kid in the face for teasing him. And here she was. Asking if he liked her nipple piercings. Coming in front of him. Letting him taste her. Kissing him. Everything he wanted. Even more than he could have imagined because there was Steve too. Steve who was encouraging it. Getting off on it. Shoving his huge fingers in Jonathan's mouth, stroking over his tongue, gently, letting Jonathan take as much as he wants.

He jerks off as soon as he stumbles into his room of course. He barely gets his pants down before he's coming and he's shocked he lasted that long honestly. It's just that once he's come he doesn't really feel any better because then his mind starts in. And he doesn't know if it's what he thinks. He knows it's a thing. Getting off being watched by other people. Maybe he was just the only one there. It wouldn't have mattered if it was… James Nelson who'd walked up to talk to Steve. And then he sits up all night and sulks.

It's barely seven in the morning but he can't wait anymore. He gets in his car and drives over to Steve's where he knows both he and Nancy will be. He has to know. He has to know if his feelings could be reciprocated or not. Even if it was just a sex thing, he could probably get over it. If he got to have them once. Just once. But. What if he didn't get to have them at all? If last night was just a coincidence? Then what would he do? He had to know.

It takes several minutes of ringing his doorbell for someone to answer and it's Nancy, in one of Steve's T-shirt's, bags under her blue eyes,

"What the fuck? Jonathan? It's like," she rubs her eyes, "early as fuck. What are you doing here?"

Jonathan just stares. Her curls are flat on one side and her mascara is smeared and the shirt is doing nothing to hide her body. There's sheet imprints on her left arm and her toenails are painted bubble gum pink, and he loves her so goddamn much,

"Was I just convenient?" He blurts out.

Her eyes narrow in confusion,
"What?"

He swallows hard, no going back now,
"Last night. When you-" he runs a hand through his hair, "do you guys just like being watched?"

Her mouth drops open,
"Jonathan, no, no."

She reaches out for him and he takes a step back and her face drops,

“It’s you. It’s been you for, a long time now. You were never just convenient, not to me. Jonathan, I love you,” Nancy says, her hand moving to touch him again, “we shouldn’t have, I didn’t, we don’t like being watched. Only by you. But we don’t want you to watch, we want you to join. And not only in sex stuff, in relationship stuff too, Jonathan I,”

He cuts her off by kissing her softly, lips much more shy than when he was high. She sighs into his mouth and tangles her hands in his hair and yanks and he moans into her mouth, kicking the door shut, hands going down to wrap around her hips. He feels the edge of her shirt and the start of her underwear and his hand slides up to cup the side of her breast when she pulls away.

An apology is on the tip of his tongue but she shakes her head and grabs his hand, leading him towards the stairs,

“Steve.”

Sleeping Steve is one of the most adorable things Jonathan has ever seen and Nancy shuts the door behind them and pulls Jonathan onto the bed next to her. She leans over and kisses Steve softly,

“Steve, baby,” she says softly, running her hands down his chest, “Wake up.”

He groans, but slowly opens his eyes to pout at her,
“What Nancy?”

“Jonathan is here,” Nancy says.

Steve sits up and looks at Jonathan,

“Hey man, um,” he looks to Nancy.

“We talked about it. He knows we want him. As a boyfriend.”

“Oh,” Steve says, running a hand through his hair.

“Yeah. Is that still okay?” Nancy asks, looking at him concerned.

Steve nods,

“Yeah, I just, I don’t know how to,”

Nancy kisses him softly,
“It’s okay. You don’t have to do anything. But, Jonathan and I were making out and I thought maybe you’d wanna be involved. Or watch. Anything is good with me. But after last night, I was thinking I’d let him fuck me. Is that okay with you?” She asks, tracing circles on his shoulder blade.

She ignores the sputtering noise Jonathan makes besides her and Steve nods,

“Um, yeah, I wanna watch.”

She smiles and turns to Jonathan,
“What about you? Do you wanna fuck me?”

Jonathan glances at Steve and then back at Nancy,
“Yeah, but I,”

Nancy leans back against the bed and pulls the tank top over her head, spreading her legs slightly,
“You’re overdressed,” she says, tapping Jonathan with her foot.

Jonathan sits there momentarily, before shakily pulling off his shirt,
“Listen, I’m not gonna, I’ve never, um,”

“You’re a virgin?” Steve asks.

Jonathan blushes and tenses,
“I -“

“Steve!”

“No, I just meant like, you’re hot. I’m surprised, it’s not a bad thing. We can teach you,” Steve says encouragingly.

Nancy smiles,
“He’s right, we can. Steve do you wanna help Jonathan get his pants off?”

Steve nods and Nancy leans down to take off her underwear. She runs

her fingers down her chest to play with her nipples as she watches Steve lean over to unbutton Jonathan's jeans. He knows exactly what he's doing when he leans his face close to Jonathan's crotch and makes him lift up, hardening cock barely covered by boxers in his face as he pulls down Jonathan's jeans. He bites his lip and does it again, revealing Jonathan's hard pink cock as he pulls down his boxers. Nancy rubs her thighs together and Steve looks at Jonathan's cock, hand resting high on his thigh, and licks his lips.

Jonathan nearly moans and then Steve looks up smirking,
"I'd ask to suck it, but that would probably be rude, considering we've never even kissed. Can I kiss you Jonathan?"

Jonathan nods before Steve's even done asking and Steve leans over to kiss him. Having been a receiver of one of Steve's good kisses, Nancy smirks to herself as she watches the two of them. Jonathan's so sensitive and Steve strokes his sides and he shivers, mouth opening wider. She has a feeling this isn't gonna last long, especially with the way Steve's hand is inching towards Jonathan's cock, so she rubs over her clit and slides two fingers into herself moaning. She scissors them a few times and her eyes must drift shut because when she opens them the two boys are staring at her.

She slides her wet fingers out, and rubs them on her hip,
"I was just getting myself ready for you," she says innocently.

Jonathan swallows hard and Steve moves out of his way,
"Go ahead."

Jonathan just stares,
"What if it's not good?"

Nancy shakes her head,
"It's gonna be good because it's you. I promise." She sits up so she can kiss him and pulls him back down on top of her, "and besides, after you come, Steve is gonna eat me out. Isn't that right Steve?"

Steve nods, he's already shed his boxers and has his cock in his hand,
"Oh fuck yeah."

Jonathan shudders,

“You guys are gonna kill me.”

Nancy shakes her head,
“No. But we may come close. Now fuck me. Come on Jonathan.”

He braces himself on one arm and leans down to guide himself inside. He doesn’t get in very far before his head drops to Nancy’s collarbone,
“Oh shit,”

“It’s okay,” she says, kissing his chest, where she can reach, and then Steve’s stroking his back, and he’s already overwhelmed.

“It’s best to get all the way in and then take a break,” Steve says, hand soothingly moving over his back.

Jonathan nods and bottoms out, moaning, and then Steve is in his ear,
“Okay, now while you’re trying not to come, focus on her. Make her feel good, it’ll distract you.”

Jonathan moans at his tongue on his ear and sits up so he can play with Nancy’s nipples. Nancy’s so sensitive and red and she arches her back, her chest brushing against his. When he finally opens his eyes he sees Steve and Nancy kissing and then Steve leans down to twist at one of her nipples cruelly and suddenly she’s clamping around his cock like a vice and moaning his name and his hips jerk and it takes every fiber of his being not to come,
“Fuck, fuck,” he moans pathetically.

Steve smirks,
“She’s tight isn’t she? She likes it rough. Fuck her Jonathan. I know you want to.”

He tries, he really does, and he manages more thrusts than Steve thinks he probably would given the circumstances, but Nancy gives him a good ride, flexing at all the right times and showing him how to rub her clit as Steve sucks at his neck and distracts him from
Whatever Nancy is saying. But she’ll get off later. They have plenty of time to teach him later, right now he just wants to wreck him. So he bites down to give him a hickey as Nancy clenches her pussy around

him and Jonathan lets out a moan and all but collapses onto Nancy.

Steve strokes his back through it and Nancy runs her hands through his hair and kisses his head and tells him what a good boy he was in her sultry perfect voice and Jonathan finally gets himself together enough to get off of Nancy. He doesn't move far, flops next to her between her and Steve and pants,

"Holy shit. Is it always that intense?"

"With Nancy? Yes."

She smacks at Steve,

"How are you doing baby?" She asks Jonathan.

"Good. You just didn't come."

"It's okay, Steve's gonna take care of that. You gonna eat me out baby?" She asks, leaning up slightly.

"Oh my god," Jonathan says.

"What?" Nancy asks concerned.

"I didn't use a condom. Holy shit oh my god,"

Steve rubs his back,
"It's okay. That was kinda the point."

"I'm on the pill baby, it's okay."

He nods,
"Okay that makes me feel better. Sorry, um, you probably want to come, I'll just,"

Nancy shakes her head and leans over to kiss him,
"I want you to be okay. Are you okay?"

He nods,
"I'm good, I just, I wanna watch you come. And Steve too. Now that I'm really allowed to, you know, watch."

Nancy smiles,
“You are allowed to watch, and touch, anything you want,” she says as Steve moves down on the bed to spread her legs.

Steve moans at the sight of her, all red and open and wet with Jonathan’s come dripping out of her,

“Fuck, Nancy,” Steve rasps, fingers tracing up her puffy lips.

She shivers and spreads her legs wider, accidentally kicking Jonathan, and thrusting her hips up at Steve,
“Come on,”

“So greedy,” he says, rubbing her clit.

“I know you’re not talking, you’re looking a bit cross eyed down there,” Nancy says, propping herself up on her elbows.

Steve smirks and spreads her lips, licking a stripe up her pussy, moaning at the taste of both Jonathan and Nancy. It’s better than he could have even fantasized, and he licks deeper, fingers digging into her hips to get her closer and closer. He should have had her ride his face, smother him until all he could breathe and taste was them. His cock is rock hard and leaking between his legs, but he just wants Nancy to come. Always wants her to come for him. He wishes he could concentrate enough to show Jonathan what he’s doing, to stop licking her pussy for five seconds to breathe, let alone talk to Jonathan but he can’t.

He can’t, Nancy’s hips are rocking against his face and she’s yanking on his hair just like he likes, and he can hear her rasping to Jonathan, and he can’t breathe, he can’t concentrate on anything but Nancy, but making her come, hoping he can make her squirt like she did that one time, it was so hot that he’d came twice, jerking off over her stomach, face wet from her. And he jumps when he feels Jonathan’s hands on his stomach.

“Fuck, Jonathan it feels so good,” Nancy murmurs, looking over at him. He still looks fucked out and sweaty, and she leans over to kiss him. He’s a sloppy kisser, but it’s adorable, and she breaks away with a moan as Steve sucks her clit into his mouth.

She feels her eyes roll back and she can't help but dig her nails into Jonathan's shoulder and Steve's hair, letting her hips jerk against Steve's face. It's so intense, so much and she finally forces her eyes open to check on Jonathan, who's staring at her in awe. She can't help but smirk,

"Steve's really good with his mouth, he'll have to show you, next time."

Jonathan nods, looking down at Steve's head buried between her thighs,

"Do you want me to make him move so you can," she moans, thighs shaking as Steve traces her thighs with the rough pads of his fingers, "see better?"

Jonathan shakes his head, and licks his lips, eyes on the flush that's spreading down her chest,
"No, I, I want him to make you come," he says quietly.

Nancy leans over to kiss him again and runs a hand down his chest, nail flicking over his nipple which causes his hips to jerk,
"So sweet. Well he is gonna make me come, I'm really close. But you know what I'd like Jonathan?"

Jonathan's pupils are blown,
"What Nancy?"

She smiles,
"So polite. I think you should go help Steve out. I'm sure he wants to come too. Do you wanna touch his cock?" She asks softly, rubbing his shoulder.

Jonathan nods,
"I want you both to come."

"I know you do baby. Okay, go touch Steve okay? He likes it fast and hard."

Jonathan nods and moved to sit up but Nancy grabs his hand, just as Steve slides two fingers inside of her and she moans as she sucks three of his fingers into her mouth just to be a tease. She thoroughly

licks and wets his hand so he can jerk Steve off comfortably, even though she's sure Steve's leaking everywhere and one firm stroke from coming, just like she is.

She feels it the second that Jonathan touches him, because his fingers jerk up against her g-spot hard and his lips tighten around her clit in shock and she can fucking feel him moan against her and she clenches hard around his fingers and comes with a scream, as she squirts.

Nancy triggers Steve's orgasm, well that and Jonathan's gasp in his ear as he watches Nancy come on Steve's face, his hand tightening around Steve's cock on the verge of too tight. He collapses onto the bed, crushing Jonathan's arm, and turning his head to Nancy's thigh so he can fucking breathe. He can feel her body trembling and he's sure he's crushing her too but he can't get up he's so overwhelmed.

He's shocked when Jonathan all but fucking lifts him up and helps him lay down next to Nancy,

"Are you, um, okay?" Jonathan asks, leaning over him.

Steve doesn't even know if his eyes are open but he nods, barely, and the next thing he knows, Jonathan is kissing him, and licking his chin and jaw, cleaning his face up. Steve doesn't miss the little moan Jonathan lets out at the taste, but Steve's content to let him do whatever he wants. When he's mostly cleaned up, Jonathan presses a soft kiss to his mouth and Steve blearily blinks his eyes open, to see Jonathan's face flaming. He smiles at him and Jonathan smiles back, and then Nancy turns over, throwing her leg over Steve's and resting her head on his chest,

"That was amazing. Both of you are.. fucking amazing."

"I could say the same about you," Jonathan says, settling on the other side of Steve.

Nancy smiles and kisses Steve softly, pushing his sweaty hair out of his face,
"Sit up baby and drink some water," she says, sliding her hand behind his back to help him.

Steve groans and doesn't move and Nancy rubs his back,
"I bet if you drink some water Jonathan will let you be the little spoon," she says sweetly.

Steve groans but sits up and lets Nancy help him drink some water before turning to Jonathan,
"Is that okay?"

Jonathan nods and Steve moves to settle against him, and Jonathan curls his arm around Steve's waist.

"You too Jonathan, time for some water."

He's much more malleable than Steve and she holds his chin in her hand as he drinks and she smiles at him before he lays back down, resting his head on Steve's shoulder,

"You boys were amazing. That was, amazing," Nancy says, curling herself around the two boys. She wraps her arm around Jonathan's bicep and starts rubbing her thumb along the muscle until his eyes drift closed. Steve's already nearly asleep like he usually is after sex, and Nancy presses a kiss to his collarbone.

As best she can without moving she tries to pull the sheet over them and she thinks Jonathan is asleep as well and she rests her head on Steve's chest to fall asleep herself,

"Hey Nance?" Jonathan whispers.

She blinks up at him,
"Yeah?"

"I love you too."

She smiles, rubbing her thumb across his shoulder blade, not wanting to move any closer to disturb Steve,

"Steve too?"

He looks at Steve whose face looks so soft in his sleep, mouth open, snoring lightly,

“Steve too.”

Nancy smiles into Steve’s chest and Jonathan runs a hand through her hair. She falls asleep before him. Her grip on his arm loosening, and Jonathan watches the two of them sleep peacefully for quite awhile, before he finally tucks himself closer to Steve and Nancy and lets himself drift to sleep. It’s not very hard.